

# Tough Guy (Ft Busta Rhymes)

## Xzibit

Aiyyo it's the immaculate conception Busta Bus himself  
And nuttin other than the godfather, spectacular X to the Zizzle  
That's what the fuck it is, 'nuff said YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!  
I want to see you motherfuckers put your hands up  
Stretch bitch like you doin aerobics motherfucker  
Yeah! [Chorus]  
Thought you was a tough guy? (BOOM!)  
When I put one right in ya head, now tell me what you think you is now  
(A top dollar biller, a Rottweiler, a killer)  
(Slap the shit out a nigga tryin to copy my style) Check it  
I got cars (many) switches (many) hoes and (many) bitches  
(Many) huh, bodies that's buried in holes of many ditches  
(Many, many) homes, plenty chrome up on my whip  
(Plenty) stop for you make me run up on your block and cock the semi  
Ready, any, nigga front I hold it steady  
I (cock) back (pop) the ratchet and spill your spaghetti  
HUH! Properties or blocks, we control 'em  
(Many, many) glocks know how I kill all your soldiers Freddy  
My machete (huh) will cut niggaz like I ain't really like 'em  
(Ha!) Then carve a nigga meat deep like I'm killin a bison  
HUH! Tyson, animal instinct the way I will beat you  
Got (many) shots and (plenty) spots for them bullets to eat you  
(Ha!) See through (huh) them holes them bullets'll leave in between you  
(Ha!) It seems you, got left to die slow all up inside the venue [Chorus] Yup! Yo  
Orangutangin slangin, I'm hangin over the edge  
I rock two 40 glocks, I call 'em Barney and Fred  
I stay hungry like I'm only fed water and bread  
The king of the castle get at you, screamin off witcha head  
Brutal bustin, it's the X to the Z, we chart climbin  
You see my name next to that diamond, it's all timin  
Hit you in the stomach, with somethin your face and feet'll  
be touchin to have your bones start crackin and bustin  
To my women who be workin them jeans with fat asses  
Rich Itala heels, Roberto Cavali glasses  
Come to my hideout, let me pimp your ride out  
Hit your backside, tear your spine out and slide out  
(HUHHH!) Yeah, cause my grind don't quit  
I'm a walkin franchise with them extra clips  
I keep the bread roll thick, do lines so sick

that you can cut 'em with a razor blade, sniff the shit, c'mon[Chorus]Yeah, check it  
I tell you (no lie) bitch nigga you (gon' die - kill or be killed!)  
Or get bodied just because you (walked by - nigga be still!)  
'Fore the trigger go off and a (shot fly) and the shit'll be ill  
If the shot turn your stomach to a (pot pie) nigga we spill  
A little liquor for the homey muh'fucka (WE STILL)  
'll make a nigga leak blood, 'til he need a (REFILL)  
You try to be a tough guy, and complicate what I build  
Somebody don't beat the shit out this muh'fucka (WE WILL!)Asthmatic, dramatic, fold you like a Kraftmatic  
Heavy metal press hittin your chest like a train wreck  
Command respect, throw it one time for your set on deck  
Niggaz you never forget  
I set up precedents, homey you never snitch, hide the evidence  
Dummies dig ditches, they dyin for dead presidents  
The big screen make 'em seem large like an elephant  
But in real life they so soft and so delicate[Chorus]

Songwriters

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